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ABSTRACT

Prepared for use by County Extension Home Economics Agents in training program aides, this document is a compilation of actual experiences reported by program aides working in a food and nutrition education program. These cases can be called "critical incidents" since they represent areas of success or failure in the minds of the aides. The cases are categorized under the following major task areas: (1) Enrolling new families; (2) Winning confidence and trust; (3) Creating and maintaining interest; (4) Organizing groups; (5) Conducting meetings; (6) Dealing with children and/or husbands; and (7) Involving other agencies and groups. There are suggestions for using the case studies. (Several pages of this document have been retyped.) (EB)

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A Book of Case Studies

for use in

Training Extension Program Aides

Cooperative Extension Service Washington State University College of Agriculture Pullman, Washington

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A BOOK OF CASE STUDIES FOR USE IN TRAINING EXTENSION PROGRAM AIDES

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FOREWORD

This publication was prepared for use by County Extension Home Economics Agents in training program aides. It is a compilation of actual experiences or "cases" reported by program aides working in the Expanded Food and Nutrition Education Program, conducted by the Cooperative Extension Service, Washington State University.

The "cases" vary in length and in detail. Each represents only one specific experience in the life of the aide. Obviously, it would be useful in analyzing the individual experience to have more detailed information. However, in some instances the lack of detailed information may enhance learning by provoking questions for discussion.

For obvious reasons, the names and places mentioned in the "cases" have been changed, otherwise the "cases" are presented exactly as reported by the program aides.

The "cases" were collected primarily for use in an agent training session conducted by the writer in Yakima, Washington, April 22, 1970. The agents attending the training session felt that a compilation of these "cases" would serve as a useful tool in training program aides.

The usefulness of the "cases" presented here is enhanced by the fact that they can be termed "critical incidents" in that they represent areas of success or failure in the minds of the program aides. Aides were asked to report only their most successful and least successful experiences on the job.

A majority of the cases reported lent themselves to categorization under the following major task areas: (1) Enrolling New Families, (2) Winning Confidence and Trust, (3) Creating and Maintaining Interest, (4) Organizing Groups, (5) Conducting Meetings, (6) Dealing with Children and/or Husbands, (7) Involving other Agencies and Groups. For ease of reference the "cases" are grouped under these headings.

A note of special thanks is due Dr. Cleo Hall, State Leader of Human Resources, and Mrs. Peggy Ann Seymour, Nutrition Specialist, Washington State University Extension Service, for approval and encouragement to collect the case studies and to the following County Extension Home Economics Agents for collecting and sharing the written "cases":

Miss Mae I. Stephenson
Miss Virginia Vaupel
Mrs. Marie J. Bremner
Mrs. Florence Allen
Miss Betty A. Evans
Miss Ruth E. Gould
Mrs. Lorena McLean
Mrs. Pat Leslie
Miss Robertene Byrdsong
Mrs. Pearl Linde
Miss Myrna L. Ueckert
Miss Elizabeth Jensen
Miss Phyllis Moore

SUGGESTIONS FOR USING THE CASE STUDIES

The case studies presented here should be used with a certain amount of discretion. Overuse, as with any other technique, will result in growing disinterest and boredom on the part of the learner.

Cases should be selected carefully and should be related specifically to the problem or problems being considered in the learning situation.

The entire booklet of case studies should not be given to program aides. Selected cases can be duplicated for individual or group use.

The task-oriented categories under which the case studies are grouped are not all inclusive. Agents will find certain of the cases useful in teaching such basic concepts as: values, attitudes, needs, culture, group process, adoption, diffusion, empathy, interests, personality, frame of reference, social systems, and a host of others.

If the learning experience is task-oriented, a suggested procedure would be to divide the aides into groups of two or more and have them study the "case" and react to some of the following or similar questions:

1. How would you have felt if you had been the aide in this situation?

2. Would you have handled this situation differently? If so, how? Why?

3. To what would you attribute the aide's success or failure in this situation? Why?

4. What kinds of knowledge, skills or abilities <u>was</u> or <u>would have</u> been useful to the aide in handling this situation?

5. What does this particular "case" tell you about the attitude of the aide herself?

After a period of discussion the small groups reassemble and report their reactions to the total group providing the opportunity for further discussion and suggestions by the total group.

If the learning experience is concept-oriented, the same type of group effort can be employed but in this instance, the assignment might be to look for instances where an understanding of the basic concept under study was or would be helpful. For example, a case in which an aide has difficulty or success in enrolling a new family might indicate an understanding or a need for an understanding of such concepts as: attitudes, culture, values, needs, social systems, personality, etc.

The resourceful agent will develop more appropriate uses for the case studies presented. The above ideas are merely suggestions.

CASES RELATED TO "ENROLLING NEW FAMILIES"

Case #1

When I first started working on the Nutrition Program, I thought it would be easy, because I have been working in the community with low-income families and other civic groups. First it was easy working with friends; it was new to me and also my friends.

After the training period was over, I found out how much I had to learn about my fellow man and homemakers. At first every time the low-income homemaker saw me coming it was with a book, and I'd start asking questions. They were not too happy to answer questions which they thought were personal. Then my salesmanship came in handy. I tell them now that I would like them to help me with this Cooperative Extension Nutrition Program. Then I explain who I am and who I'm working for (Washington State University). I explain about vitamins, proteins and other food nutrients. Then they are interested in the Program and recipes, but it's hard for me to get them to study them, because some of them are not good readers, but the ones that do read will try.

Case #2

How the sun shone for me on a rainy day: "Well, here it is another Monday, and a cold and rainy one at that. Just what I need to help boost my morale and enthusiasm on my first day as an aide."

I looked over my list of names carefully and was trying to decide which one would be a good one to start with. I chose a name after a few minutes of thought and drove to that address. No one home! Four names later, and still no one home, and if they were home, they weren't interested in our program. I thought, "Pretty soon now someone has to be home and interested". With that thought in my mind, I approached my next family with a big smile on my face and a little doubt in my mind, I gave a friendly, "Knock, Knock", on the door and held my breath.

The lady who greeted me was as nice as could be and very much interested. We became acquainted over a cup of our "cocoa" and I explained to her a little about our program. This woman thrilled me from head to toe with her enthusiasm and joy about it.

She made this gloomy, wet day a day of sunshine and flowers as she said, "I will try to learn all that you teach me and ask for nothing."

Being an aide does give a person a feeling of satisfaction especially when you meet such a person as I did on my first day.

Case #3

A fellow teacher gave me the name of a young mother who attended her church. The mother and three children had just moved into a small house.

I told her that I was a nutrition aide and would like to explain the program. She opened the door, welcomed me, and removed some clothing from a chair. "Please sit down. I am unsettled, but I know your time is valuable and I do want to learn about good nutrition."

After talking to her for fifteen minutes, she gave me the necessary information for enrolling and asked if I could come to see her on Wednesday of the following week.

I did call at the time arranged with the makings of a tuna rice casserole. She asked questions and was very appreciative. She had made much progress in her home arrangements. She is on my list for a call every other week. She went with me to see two more families whom I shall enroll.

Case #4

This homemaker says she's really interested in our program but -- She will not let me in her house. I've been there several times when she wasn't home. When she was, she usually comes out of the house and talks to me outside. She tells me when I can come back, but when I do, we just talk outside. She usually has some excuse for me not to come in. This winter I'll try once more and get in -- maybe the first rainy day. She has children that are always ill or her husband is usually laid up with the flu, so far.

Case #5

A friend from my church gave me the name of a family who rented a cabin from her. She said they could use some help.

I called one morning at 10:30. The woman finally came to the door. She said she had slept late. I explained my mission and asked if I could come in and tell her more about the nutrition program.

"I'd be glad to hear about it some other time," she replied, "however, my grandmother died and I must go to Oregon. Come next week."

I called the next week. A boyfriend answered the door and said the lady was ill. He invited me to come next week.

By this time I knew she didn't want me to come, but I was in the neighborhood again and rang her doorbell.

In answer to the bell the daughter answered and said, "Mother can't see you this week. My grandmother died and we are going to Oregon."

How many times can grandmother die!

CASES RELATED TO "WINNING CONFIDENCE AND TRUST"

Case #6

For my most successful experience I have chosen the Smith family - why? Maybe general reasons. One, I love children and there are five of them here. They are Mary 14, George 13, Tom 12, Sue 11, and last of all, Ann 9. This may look like an average family, you say. What's their problem? Their father has a good job with a manufacturing plant and has been there for 17 years. You say again, "Well, what's their problem?"

Their problem is a big one, there isn't any mother in the home, and hasn't been for the past three years. The mother married at 15 years of age, became tied down rapidly as you can see by the ages of the children. Mr. Smith said, "She never did take care of the children, always wanted to be chasing." She left her home and family five times in seven years, but this last time was three years ago when she ran off with her husband's best friend and finally married him.

These children, when I first met them, were very quiet, shy, withdrawn, no friends. At first quite hard to work with (or I should say communicate with).

I first called on this home just before Christmas last December. A lady in the area told me that she thought this family could use some help. One evening I went knocking on their door. Mr. Smith answered and I said, "I understand you have a teenage daughter, may I speak with you and her for a few minutes." He invited me in and I told them both about our program and asked if she would like a teen cook-in here in her home -- turning to her father, I said, "If that would be O.K. with you." He agreed it would be fine, and Mary seemed delighted. We set a day for our first cooking group, and I departed.

The following day I ran into a neighbor, who already had heard I was going to have a cooking group in the Smith home and she asked with shock and concern, "How did you ever get into that home?" I replied, "I just knocked, why, what's the big deal?" "Oh, wow!!" was her reply, "He's a big, mean ole grump and he doesn't let anyone near his property, let alone in his home." Well, with such an introduction as that, I guess you know pretty much how I felt the following Thursday evening when I drove up in front of this small, run down, unpainted, cabin all nestled back among 80 acres of thickly overgrowth of trees and bush. I sat there in my little red station wagon for a few minutes wondering if I was getting into something, but what? I realized I didn't even know what it was that I was afraid of. About then the two girls came bouncing out the back door, after their two enormous german shepard dogs sounded the alarm that somebody was trespassing. It was then that I bravely opened my car door with

groceries and pots and pans in arms I entered their shabby cabin (through the back door) on tip toes, just in case he'd forgotten he'd invited me the week before. I stood there still clutching my parcels, expecting any minute to be tossed out, pots and pans and all, into the snow. Instead, Mr. Smith entered the kitchen, pulled me up a chair and then shouted to the back bedroom, "Mary, your cooking teacher's here." I must say I don't know quite how I made it through my first group meeting there, but I do know I really became concerned for this family and what they hadn't been eating.

A couple of days later Mary called me and said their grandpa and grandma had invited them to a big Christmas party and would I have time to show her how to fix her hair, and the children didn't have a thing to wear, besides some horrible old dresses somebody gave them, which weren't the right sizes. So that afternoon I went down to Goodwill and bought them about three dresses each, which would also be dandy for school. Well, my next big problem was to get them through the door and past their father. I gave it a great deal of thought, then decided to leave it up to the Lord when I got there. So that evening I once again drove through the trees until I came to a stop in front of their cabin. Right away I noticed a strange car also parked there and I thought to myself, maybe this is good, then Mr. Smith won't see me come in.

Oh, but how wrong I was, with my electric curlers under one arm and a sack in the other containing a pair of nylons for Mary and hair ribbons for each girl, I again crept for the back door, leaving the clothes neatly folded in the front seat of my little red Falcon. As I was approaching the back step and raised my hand for the door knob the door suddenly flew open and there stood Mr. Smith - in his hand he clutched a bottle of beer and it didn't take me long to notice that it apparently wasn't his first one of the evening. "Come in -- come in --", he greeted me like an old friend and then introduced me to his brother and family, who were waiting for them to get ready for the family wingding. So I excused myself quickly and asked the girls if we might go to their bedroom and begin on their hair. This particular evening I wrote up in one of my reports as it was an experience I shall never forget. To see the thrill of these three little girls all dressed up, hair curled was rewarding enough, but then what came a little later, when I saw each of the girls with their arms around each other, and tears falling off their tender young cheeks they were saying, "oh sister you're so beautiful." This is when I found my job almost more rewarding than I could take. Then each one of them came over and kissed me on the cheek and thanked me over and over. Then Ann (just a 4th grader) said to me, as she patted the ruffles of her new Goodwill dress, "You know, Mrs. Jones, I just know tomorrow I'll be able to study better in this dress." I wonder if she really knew the meaning of what she just said, I, too, have felt the importance of sitting in a classroom and feeling dressed as well as the rest of them.

Well, this was the beginning with the Smith family and now about 4½ months later it's hard to remember this is the same family. They are all making such progress in their own way. Like Mary - she's made the biggest change. She has really taken more of an interest in keeping their same little cabin neatly in order, for the family, also her two brothers, help clean house. She now dresses neater, is more clean about herself, can mend a garment, and doing wonderful with her cooking and baking. Calls me now and again for advice on a recipe. But right here I'd like to say something her father told me the other day. I was there for a group meeting (which consists of the five children) when he came into the kitchen for a refill in his coffee cup. He said, "there's something I'd like to tell you--you know Mary got up yesterday morning, got my breakfast ready - put up my lunch - and when I came home, dinner was on the table." Mary in her still shy little way placed her hands over her face and said, "But, Daddy, the hamburger wasn't done." He replied, That's O.K. honey, you're trying and that's what counts." It's reports like this that's hard to write, as it makes such a lump in your throat to see this little family working together in order to stay together.

Yes, Mary is making great changes as are her brothers and sisters, but another one who is making a big change is the stubborn, bull-headed, too proud, father. I can remember so well the day he began to change. The children had our little feast nearly on the table when Julia asked, "What shall we have to drink?" I replied, "Oh, I should have brought my jar of tang." "What's tang?", the children asked. Just as I was telling them about the nutritional value of tang, father Smith is back for a coffee refill and said, "What's wrong with the stuff I buy for my kids." I was so glad he asked. So I explained the importance of reading labels on what he buys to make sure he is getting nutrition value. "It makes a difference whether you buy an orange drink or an orange juice," I said. So the following week when I drove up, the children came running out to meet me waving a big jar of tang.

Since that day Mr. Smith has become very open-minded and eager to learn right along with his daughter. He recently asked me to go on a shopping trip with him, which I did. I pointed out how to look for value in what he is buying, whether it's his food or laundry soap.

Now he also feels free to call me when he needs help or advice, be it food or the children. Like last night he called, all upset, help me please!! Ann just cut her finger nearly off. I went running - it wasn't as bad as he thought once we got the bleeding stopped. But cleaned and bandaged she was like new again.

My job brings so many challenges, each day is so different you never know how it will begin or how it will end. I love every minute of it. To me it's more than a job, it's living again - doing for others - helping them pick up pieces from a broken life and start rebuilding a new one. Seeing each day become a thrill to people who once dreaded to see the next day come.

Case #7

The best experience I've had as a nutrition aide was reaching a very suspicious mother who just couldn't trust anyone. This mother is on welfare, and she has a poverty state of mind. She has had a very bad past experience with someone representing herself as a person who wants to help and did just the opposite. It's very hard to reach a person like this who has had nothing but disappointments all her life. My training has taught me to think less of myself and feeling and more of genuinely and emphatically of my fellow man who is less fortunate than I.

When this lady let me come, and finally inside was a beautiful feeling but after working with her and showing her how concerned I really am about her and her family, she called me very sweet.

Case #8

This is a mother with eight children, who was overwhelmed with problems. She had not been to the grocery store for months. She sent one of the children. The only milk purchased was canned milk. She also purchased multi-colored vitamins which the children ate like candy.

I listened to her problems and won her confidence. She is a very kind person.

I convinced her that she didn't have to spend money for vitamins if she fed the children the right kind of food and that fortified powdered milk is cheaper than canned milk. Using the things that were in her house, we made menus for three days. I went to the grocery store with her and we bought food for three meals a day for three days for eleven dollars and fifty cents. She was overjoyed. I coaxed her to take the little tots for a walk to the store.

This lady still has problems, but is now more able to cope with them.

Case #9

I would say looking back at my first meeting with this family, the situation at that time looked very bleak and hopeless. This family of five children, the mother being ill and her husband in jail for stealing food to feed the family (so I was told). The home was run down. Not really classified as filthy filth, but far from the standards of being a clean home. Not much hope left for this sad-eyed mother, with so many problems both in food and home managing was overwhelming. And this homemaker was on the verge of the breaking point.

My very first visit with her seemed to be exactly what she needed; a friend who was interested in her and her problems, someone to show her how to eat more economically and more nutritionally, for the benefit of her pale and shabby looking children. Worked with this homemaker every week for about three months; then I saw her twice a month and each home visit I found a change and could see my teaching was helping her. As this homemaker didn't read or write, she memorized the recipes and also had her son read them to her when she forgot them.

The children are looking much better now. As she said, she is fixing a more balanced meal now, since she knows what foods to use. She said her husband was so surprised at some of the dishes she made when he got out of jail in January. He complimented her on her cooking. Since he is home, the church they attend donated paint to paint the entire home, inside, and the home has improved, both in cleanliness and good meal planning. Have many families doing well in this program. My choosing this family was she has come up from a long, hard road to achieve her place as a good homemaker and the honors are hers; as a deserving person I feel she has earned it.

Case #10

This family has a father, mother and nine children, ranging in age from about six to 18 years. I went to their home several times for a home visit. My reception was very cold at first. No one would speak to me. I would just sit in their living room and try to make conversation with no success whatsoever, so I would leave.

One day I got to the kitchen. The husband asked if I had ever seen so many dirty dishes and such a mess. I told him I had 12 children and their friends. This seemed to put them at ease. She even offered me a cup of coffee. I asked then if I could come the following week. I did, but there was still that unfriendly and unwelcome atmosphere. No one offered to help me bring in the food and didn't even open the door for me. That day I did the dishes alone. Everyone went to watch television. I was so depressed with their attitude, but decided not to give up. I went home and thought about it for awhile and then I telephoned her and told her I would be back next Thursday.

That Thursday when I arrived, I was pleased to see that the dishes were done and the floor swept. I felt a welcome feeling. Today, the homemaker and I cleaned one wall. Hopefully, I can teach her to keep her refrigerator and electric stove clean and teach her the four basic food guides. I encouraged her to apply for food stamps. Today, I was pleased to learn that she now has food stamps.

The social workers and school nurses get as far as the door, but never enter. I do. I feel that I have made good progress from a very discouraging beginning to where I am now accepted and I feel that the mother now feels that I am here to help her and that I can help to better their living standard. So far, this has been my most rewarding endeavor.

Case #11

Last June I was given this name by one of my co-workers as this name was in my area. On my first home visit I was astonished to find a mother, 27 years old, with four beautiful children, ages ranging to six. Two girls and two boys.

This mother was extremely nervous and really unorganized. She had been divorced from a very cruel husband about six months and had not really fully gotten over the terrible ordeal that she encountered with this father. She was so nervous that she had bitten her fingernails to the quick and they bled. Her personal upkeep was terrible. She had eaten nothing for months except black coffee and maybe a peanut butter sandwich when she had gotten so hungry that she had to eat something. This mother had lost all interest in everything. However, she fed her children as well as she knew how--from a child, she was backward and slow in catching on.

From her childhood she seemed to have an inferiority complex--felt different and left out, not wanted or liked by anyone. Being so slow and backward, she had to attend a special school where she got acquainted with others in her category. She married young and started raising a family, but not knowing anything, it was unpleasant for her. As she was a sickly person, it was all too much for her so she had a "nervous breakdown".

On my first call I found out all this about her as she was lonely and needed a shoulder to cry on, and mine is always available as I am a good listener. The children were very friendly and willing to meet people. Shy at first, but as they saw that I was friendly and loved children, they took right to me. On my visits I carry carrot sticks, stuffed celery, or fruit. This really gets to the kiddies, so you see I had no trouble at all getting next to them. This elated the mother, so she felt that she could pour her heart out to me. I could readily tell that these children were not at all familiar with these vegetables, but they did like them.

On my first three calls, I did not get to mention my reasons for paying her these calls. I won her confidence as a friend. On the fourth visit I related to her my job, and asked her if I could have a meeting with her. She did not understand much of what I was saying but readily and willingly agreed that she wanted company. We prepared macaroni with cheese and tasted different kinds of milk--powdered, canned, whole, buttermilk. The children enjoyed this very much as they liked food and got plenty of milk as that was mostly all they had. Macaroni happened to be her favorite. She listened intently and told me she loved to cook, but just didn't know how. I knew then that I had broken the barrier. Every week after that I had a meeting with her.

After having about three meetings and showing her different ways to prepare vegetables and explaining what they were and the vitamins that were in them for better health, and how essential it was for her to eat so she could be able to take better care of her children, whom she dearly loved. She became very interested and I spent a lot of extra hours with this mother.

In August she was eating and preparing regularly. Took new interest in the upkeep of herself as well as the house. Bought new curtains, a new rug, and looked forward for me to come every Wednesday. I then asked her if she had any friends or neighbors that she would like to ask to come to her meetings. She called five ladies who were her school classmates whom she hadn't seen for a long time. They were glad to hear from her and readily consented to come to her next meeting. However, these friends were slow and also slightly retarded. It was very hard for me to get through to them at first, but I did not give up. They would come each week and each week I would have a lesson and experiment with them. Would take time enough to style hair and short hygiene lesson. I knew that if they kept coming, something would eventually sink in. It was a very slow, trying task, but it seemed that this group was so happy to see me, as well as the children; I found great joy in being with them. Two of the members moved out of the city but I continued on with the three.

Mrs. M. began to really snap out of her self-pity and took great interest in wanting to learn. I gave her more extra time to teach her how to read things that were hard for her, as no one ever had time or took the time to bear with her slowness to learn.

In December we had a Christmas party for my families and asked each homemaker to bring something made from E. N. P. recipes. Mrs. M. brought a lovely chocolate cake made from Mo. mix recipe.

We went on two shopping tours to buy groceries, as she does buy food stamps, and helped her to plan well balanced menus.

Now Mrs. M. is really a happy homemaker. Has stopped biting her nails, fixes herself up and attends G. M.'s other than at her home.

A month ago Mrs. M. had a bad spell of nervous illness and she got all upset about having to move, but with the help of interested friends and organizations, she was able to buy a home through the low-income housing program.

I am indeed proud of her and really feel that she is my most successful family.

Case #12

As I try to recall my most rewarding experience, many different moments and visits crowd my mind, but one particular encounter stands out most clearly.

It was one of my first visits with a migrant family mother who speaks almost no English. The teen-age daughter, who usually interprets for me, hadn't arrived from school yet so we sat for awhile in awkward, uncomfortable silence. Finally she indicated that perhaps we could start. We began the preparation and I just then realized how difficult it was going to be. She speaks as little English as I speak Spanish, but we both tried to make the other understand with such a limited vocabulary.

I wanted her to begin browning the meat while I chopped onions, so I said, "Por favor, cafe el carne" (cafe is the color brown in Spanish, not the verb). She understood, miraculously, my misuse of the word "cafe" and began to laugh. Then I, too, started until neither of us could stop. My eyes were watering from the onions, which she thought was from crying, and we laughed some more.

We continued in a much more relaxed mood. She was saying something to me and I realized after listening carefully that she was using a Spanish word and attempting an English. It sounded as funny to me as I probably did putting the Spanish article in front of an English noun (like el skillet).

We finished the recipe amidst scattered laughter. Her oldest daughter, Linda, came home and her mother told her what had happened. Linda told me that her mother had said, "Laughter is a good teacher"--a neat thought in any language.

Case #13

I have been an aide for a little over two months, hardly enough time to really see our program change the pattern of someone's life. How do you really measure success anyway-- by a smile - a touch - a word?

I will choose the friendship I made with my little Korean war bride, as it is in her I saw the most change in just the short month I worked with her. Kim, two weeks ago, moved to another city.

When I first visited Kim, I found a very lonely, shy, almost scared young woman, very unsure of herself. It took two weeks and two home visits to enroll her in a group and fortunately the group genuinely cared about our little Korean friend.

At our first meeting, Kim said very little but actively took part in the physical end of it. She learned how to knead for the first time--an achievement that overwhelmed her--as on the way home she said, "This is for me a most happy day, because I am learning!" From this point on her personality flowed forth and she absorbed the many things we had to teach.

In the weeks that followed Kim added to her life the tools by which we trade-- a set of measuring spoons, a dry measuring cup, a flour sifter, kindness, understanding, and above all - friendship! I'll miss you Kim.

Case #14

This young woman really didn't think about the nutritional value of foods nor the nutritional needs of her family until I started working with her. She took for granted if they had enough to eat, they were well nourished. Her mother didn't allow her in the kitchen when she was a youngster growing up. "Messy Jane", she would say and not let her help at anything.

Now Jane has grown up and has a family and is still messy and still doesn't know what to do in the kitchen. She also leads a very busy life - a life of working with people and being somewhat of an example to follow. She accepts this responsibility seriously and all told it gets to be too much for her sometimes.

She says she looks forward to my visits because she can be herself with me and doesn't have to smile if she doesn't want to nor anything other than the way she feels. She doesn't have to discuss something she doesn't want to just to be sociable, nor does she have to be an example. This is a real release to her to have someone to talk to on her own level about what she is interested in - and learning at the same time. She said herself that she can be honest with herself now for the first time. She can face her mother as an adult now and express her own ideas without feeling guilty about hurting her feelings. She has learned to relax and to face her family and work with a more realistic view. She sees her place in the home and with the family in a much different way than she did before.

How do you measure success? Is it peace of mind in a muddled world and home? Is it being able to face an adult world more honestly? Is it trying harder to be a good mother and homemaker? If so, then I've been successful in this case, because these are the areas Jane has changed in most. She couldn't think of foods and cooking until she cleared her mind somewhat.

However, she pays strict attention to what I say and always helps with the project. She is very concerned about the nutritional value of foods and how it affects her family's health now. She trys to plan her meals now instead of hit or miss.

She also has teen-age foster children who were too much for her to cope with for awhile. They are easier for her to handle now.

She told me to start with, she thought the whole thing would be more trouble than it would be worth at first, so she kept putting me off to start with - from September to December. After I started visiting and working with her, she says I have helped her more than she ever thought possible and doesn't know why she put me off so long.

Case #15

I had been to visit with this mother of three small children about five times before I was able to get through about the program or see a spark of interest.

I had given some recipes to her at other visits and I finally took a lime gelatin fluff salad and her children really liked it; that is when I first made contact as to the program and its function. She asked for quick sandwiches which we just had a lesson on. Her attitude was of no interest in the program but I really have nothing else to do, so I guess it would be alright. Right now she is in the hospital, but the last time I was there she talked on many different subjects besides nutrition and was much more relaxed. I feel that at least she has come to trust me more and now I will be able to work and talk more about the recipes and nutrition.

Case #16

My least successful endeavor was a girl I started working with in January. Previously another aide was working with her but left.

These people lived on welfare and live in a "235" house in which they have sacks of wheat stacked to the ceiling in the dining room which they grind for flour and also feed to the chickens. The chickens are not penned up and have the run of the place, including the porches which are thick with manure and gets tracked into the house. The husband raises rabbits and throws the innards, skins and heads to the chickens and ducks. Recently they started some baby chicks in the bedroom and five died, so they threw them just outside the door.

The house is full of flies and carcasses of flies they swatted are still on the walls from last year. The husband butchers in the house and gets the stuff on the walls but does not wash it off.

The smell of the house is unbearable. I could go on and on. Finally, after working there quite a few times and gaining their confidence and friendship, I brought her a flyer which told where flies breed, what diseases they carry and how to get rid of them. We talked over this and I also told her there was no reason she could not clean her house and her husband could not pen the chickens and ducks. I told her she was young and healthy and had lots of hot water and to either do something about it or I would not come back to continue the program.

I also told her I realized she had a lot to do with taking care of six children, but that they could be trained to give a hand and I was afraid some day they would catch some terrible disease as a result of all these flies and that she owed it to the health of her family to do something about it.

She said she would clean the house and could she call me. I told her I would be very happy if she did.

Case #17

The family I feel the most successful with was one of the first families I tried to work with. Although this family had lived in this home for several years, they visited with no one. In fact the first few times I called on her, she would meet me at the door, coming out on the porch to talk with me, shutting the door behind her. There we would visit. She and her three daughters' hair was long, naturally curly and just matted from lack of care, sticking out like a bush instead of hair. At first she would agree to attend other peoples'group meetings and then not show. Finally she did attend and shyly took part. Then she agreed to have a group meeting in her home but agreed and cancelled eight times before she finally had a meeting. She started visiting with the ladies she met through the meetings, now she has several friends.

At first her house was so cluttered you could hardly get in, now it isn't bad at all. When anyone calls on her now, the door is opened and they are invited right in. She now takes care of her hair and her daughters'. She now has a group meeting at her home about once a month and really takes part and is eager to learn all she can about more economical and vitamin-wise ways to cook for her large family. Her personality has improved and she has gotten rid of her distrust and fearful attitude.

CASES RELATED TO "CREATING AND MAINTAINING INTEREST"

Case #18

I have called on Judy off and on for three years and she would always open a crack in the door and talk enough to say that she was not interested. The only time she had talked with me was once when I took her to the doctor. When I had tried to talk about food she had nothing to say. Then, one day when I asked her if she would like to know some other ways to fix hamburger, she seemed quite interested. I told her that I could bring some another day, but that I had things with me and could show her how to fix Missouri Mix and she was happy to come out to the car and help me carry them in. She made the mix and told me later of the things she had made with it. Ever since that time she has been anxious to try anything that I suggest. Only once has she come to the door and said that she couldn't make anything that day -- she was wearing a robe, and by the looks of things in the house I think she was taking a sponge bath.

Case #19

One of the worst problems that I work with is that this mother does not know how to cook and won't admit it.

Their home is quite dirty and so are the poor children. Their home doesn't have any windows, just plastic on them.

They don't eat full-course meals. Mostly snacks, like potato chips, pop, etc.

I'm so happy because I feel like I've made some progress because they have put windows in their home and they are planning on getting a stove.

I also made arrangements with her sister to have a cook-in at her place and invited her there to help. She was shy and backward but we got her to help out and she was so happy with herself because she didn't know that she'd be able to make anything. She also cleaned her children up and they looked nice, also herself.

Case #20

This family lives in a trailer, she takes care of (feeds, etc.) three children of a motherless family (also from a trailer). Her husband was the one that invited me to come each week. She always stood back, looked out the window, anything to stay far away. She always looked like she didn't believe a word I said - if she heard what I said. I felt it was a waste of time because I really did the lesson. She wouldn't let the children watch. I kept repeating the lessons and bringing her the recipes and all the information I could. Little by little she came around. The kids stand on chairs watching her cook. She talks and asks questions. Her house is cleaner. Even the children get a swipe with a wash rag once in awhile. Her husband doesn't stay around at all any more. She even has soft music for the lesson. She reads the information I give her, seems to devour some of the things we talk about. She even has made a batch of Missouri Mix.

Case #21

Mrs. Jones started with me in the beginning of the program and is still with me. She has five children and one of these is away to a boarding school. She has a recently built home that she and her husband built by themselves and when they first got in, she asked me to help her with drapes for the windows. I went in and we did make the drapes for the windows.

She was so pleased, she wanted to make drapes for the whole house - I am still working with her. We are in the midst of making quilts at present time. I've worked with difficult patterns with her. She didn't know how to sew at all at first; now she does pretty well and improving all the time.

I have done cooking with her, also. She tries all the recipes with her family more than any of my homemakers. She said that the recipes have really helped her eating habits and the children too. I think she is the most successful person in my program with my people. She still wants to stay and calls me when to come.

Case #22

The first thing I noticed when I started visiting this family was that each member of the family, four in all - the parents and one teen-age daughter and a 12 year-old son - would cook what they wanted to eat, or was convenient. This could be a can of soup, a bowl of dry cereal, or a peanut butter sandwich, no main meal.

They were sick a lot, at least one member went to see the doctor each week. Mainly it was the mother and 12-year-old boy. There was never a week went by but the boy would miss at least two days or more from school.

After I started visiting this family and explaining the need for three meals a day and the need to have the basic four in the meals, I began to notice a change. They began to feel better, not quite so many trips to the doctor, and a better outlook on life.

After a few months the mother said to me one day that I should go and see another family because they weren't eating right. The last visit I made, the family had not been to the doctor in months. The girl's grades had really improved and the mother was actually sitting down and making out menus and trying to get the basic four in the meals.

They know what to look for in comparing prices. To stop and look to see if two small articles were cheaper than one large one.

Their outlook in life is so much more relaxed. They get their food stamps and spend them very wisely. I'm very proud of this family and they are always passing on this information to those that need it.

Case #23

At first, I felt encouraged. I met the husband and he was interested and friendly and seemed most cooperative. This wife was ill, but when I called back, she greeted me very coolly, almost with reluctance. As we talked, she became a little more friendly. We made an appointment and things began smoothly at first - then began the "I don't feel good" or "company", or "gone to look for a house". This becomes the most frustrating and irritating part of my day - to constantly plan a meeting and gear it to an individual to help make it more interesting, and constantly worry about food spoilage.

When I discuss not coming, she almost cries; but the next time it starts again. When I leave there, I often feel so let down and frustrated and wonder just why I'm beating my head against a stone wall and getting nowhere. But the last time things seemed to go along fine. Part of this frustration is having my hopes raised that there is some improvement and then down again - but each one is not a success only.

Case #24

My least successful homemaker came to me on her own. Actually, she had been visited by a previous aide, who has since left the job. The homemaker contacted one of my families and asked how to get in touch with me.

I called on her and discussed her problems with food and stretching her buying dollars; talked about our nutrition program. I made an appointment to call back to do the Missouri Mix. When I went for the appointment, the lady was involved in giving two home permanents. We talked a few minutes about the program and I excused myself after making an evening appointment for the Missouri Mix. I went to her home to keep the appointment and she was away for the moment. Her children let me in. I waited a bit for her to arrive and as I was about to leave, she dashed in and said we didn't have time to fix anything, could I just real quick-like help her mix the Missouri Mix. I left very quickly after agreeing to an appointment for spinach meatballs on an afternoon appointment.

Needless to say, the lady was not home and never arrived as long as I waited, which was usually about 12 to 20 minutes. I have not contacted this homemaker since and I immediately dropped her from my list!

Case #25

They rent a two-bedroom house in town for $125 a month. It has wall-to-wall carpeting. At first there were no beds, but now they have two. This is not lack of money. There are two televisions, two record players, refrigerator, washer and dryer, but no beds. In the kitchen there are a few more pots than at first.

She has odd things like salt, plastic things, and the kids' toys upon the shelves in the kitchen.

I have worked with them over five months. They like the recipes, love the food, but when I go to visit, they are eating canned spaghetti or potatoes, and macaroni with hamburger, or boiled chicken. They don't seem to care about setting the table. The men seem to come first even though this is not her only family.

She doesn't seem to worry very much. They have a phone and they love this very much.

At first I thought there could be some progress as the house was clean and things picked up, but now the kitchen is not even clean. I talk to them about bacteria on dishes, also dirt, as the two little girls' eyes are always matted together and their noses are dirty and also have sores. I tried to tell Mrs. Young this was due to not washing clean, but they do buy lots of Avon products. I don't know if soap is one of these, but they seem to want to be clean when they go anywhere. The men especially.

But she won't even tell the children to wash. I don't know what the lack is for my heart is very painful for her and the family. Her mother was at our meetings, she also is married again with a family. She is 50 years old and likes the program. I don't see any progress in her family or in buying food and things as the months go by.

The cupboards are bare even though they buy lots of prepared foods. These Indians are educated, not to where they graduated, but have had schooling. They write and read, and also understand very well. In fact, they were taught in North Dakota by this extension program, but this is my disappointment, not to be able to help them to live better, feel better, eat better, and also have better buying power.

Case #26

Paula is divorced with preschool children. She has been involved in our program for about one year. She was eager to learn how to cook and sew. She applied what she learned. We discussed her future and she was taking concrete steps toward job training.

Suddenly, about one month ago, she quit coming to group meetings and began avoiding her friends. She met a young man who takes drugs and is experimenting with them also. She is rapidly losing interest in everything else, even the children.

I suppose the reason this shocks me is it happened so fast and unexpectedly. She seems like a different girl and I don't know how to talk to her, much less help her.

Case #27

My least successful endeavor is the experience I had with one of the homemakers I was working with when I first started in this job. Two of her four children were not in school so were interested spectators in all that took place when we were cooking together. Now that I think about it, they were probably more interested than the mother.

My homemaker liked nothing we prepared and her attitude influenced the two boys so they liked nothing either. She never cancelled an appointment, but I was often met with an air of hostility which I ignored and tried some way of reaching her.

What really blew it was the day we were making the fish bake and she said, "Oh, the poor little fish." The two boys heard this remark and repeated it after her when the recipe was done. The boys didn't want to eat because they felt sorry for the fish.

I had been going to her home for three months at this time and was getting nowhere in getting her to use our recipes. I stopped seeing her hoping someone else might be the person to reach her.

Case #28

This home is run over by cats and dogs, filth and dirt, and no management as I can see. A total disaster area would be my classification of this home. It needs so much to make it a fit home to raise these young children.

On my first visit, I had to step over trash and boxes. It was hard to keep her attention on that first day. She was on the phone and let me sit for half an hour while she was telling all about her neighbors. At this point I knew it would be hard to change her way of living, as it didn't bother her to just let me sit and wait. Her mind that day was miles from nutrition, but I thought I really could help her, which I find is far from materializing. I do hope to give her one more chance. I will really let her know how I feel about cleanliness, especially in the kitchen.

On my first demonstration in her kitchen I was shocked at the filth and dirt in the cooking area. The dishes were piled high, no room to even set a dish on counters or stove; dried up pans with beans, buns and biscuits that were burned to the pans. The linoleum on the floor was filthy dirty - I couldn't see the pattern. Most of the time I couldn't find her home when making appointments with her; and when I did, found no change in the home.

I will give her one more chance to try and help herself. She has an excuse each time I come. The dishes and kitchen haven't changed a bit since my first visit.

Case #29

A family of five; husband, wife, and three children: 5, 4, 2. They receive P.A., since the husband has a physical handicap, and, therefore, is unable to find employment.

I met both husband and wife at a meeting where I had to explain my present occupation. I was asked by them to visit their home in reference to the E.N.P.

When I visited her the first time, I explained to her that this program was set up to help the homemakers provide more nutritious meals for their families. I told her that we could have a group meeting once a week with her and her friends - preparing a certain dish, tasting it, and discussing the nutritional value of the food. She then told me that she wasn't really interested in cooking or nutrition at all - except for baking - but her husband wanted her to participate in the program. I told her then how important a "balanced" diet is for good general health, and I went over the four food-groups with her. I also showed her some of the recipes we used, and she asked me whether we could make cinnamon rolls on our first meeting. She told me then that she didn't have any friends to invite, so I agreed that we have our meetings just with her family.

When I came back for my first meeting, all the family was there. I took Family Records on her, and we then read our recipe and prepared our food. She wanted to use all nine cups of flour for cinnamon rolls at once, but I told her then, that from what I understood, she was using too many foods out of the same food-group at her meals; her Food-Recall showed the same thing. So, we decided to have our next meetings on vegetables and meats. We had several meetings on all the four food groups. At our last meeting we had bunsteads, which included all the 4 food groups. While our food was heating, I asked her whether she had made any of the foods that we prepared in our meetings for her family. She told me that she had not so far. She said her husband was buying all the food for the family, and she showed me the vegetables he had bought - one case each of frozen peas and corn. I asked her whether she ever used any vegetables of the dark-green and yellow variety, and she said, "Very rarely because my children don't like them too well." So I suggested that we might have some meetings on those vegetables, and try to fix them in a different way, so the children might learn to like them. She agreed on that.

Then I took another food-recall on her for my personal information to see if she had changed some of her food habits (although I realize you cannot really tell by just one recall), but she still didn't use any milk, or vegetables for herself. I then asked what kinds of food she thought important for good health, and she said, "I don't have any idea."

Case #30

This woman has had a very frustrating, rough sliding life. It seems as soon as the family gets out of one calamity they get into another worse one.

She is an interesting, friendly person to talk to but I feel as far as talking to her about food and nutrition, I run into a blank wall - she could care less. If I bring up the subject on my visits, and I always do, she says, "Oh, let's talk about something else, I'm on a diet,"; or she finds fault with all the recipes. They get food stamps, but never have enough food.

The saddest thing was the last time I was there. Her children hadn't had milk for four days because she didn't have any money to buy any. When I asked her why she didn't try using the cocoa mix, she said, "Oh, I think it tastes too weak." Then, she went to the refrigerator and got a diet pepsi.

CASES RELATED TO "ORGANIZING GROUPS"

Case #31

Sherry was very shy when I first visited her. She came from Costa Rica about five years ago. It is amazing how well she speaks English but she knew very little about cooking different foods. Her mother-in-law before she died, had helped her some.

Her feeling was, as she said, "The people in this country just don't like me because I am Spanish." "Sherry", I said, "You need to try some more to find other women to fellowship with."

Her reply was, "I would like to, but I don't know how."

"Would you like another homemaker to cook with us if we can find one close by?" was my response.

Some door knocking resulted in another mother of several children to work with Sherry but soon she wouldn't come to cook with us. A second try was another homemaker, Jill, who lived quite a few blocks away but had a boy the age of Sherry's son, Larry, a baby boy, and one in school. I asked Jill about working with Sherry and she was happy to work with her if she could come to her home.

Now Jill and Sherry work together each week and are enthusiastic about the recipes and use them with their families. They decided on their own to take turns having the meeting. The little Spanish boy, Larry, and Richard, who is very blonde, enjoy playing together while we work together to learn about foods and nutrition.

Sherry is also sharing the recipes with her neighbor who says she is too busy to cook with us after that one time.

Case #32

I made a home visit with Mrs. Homer. She is a young homemaker with two pre-school girls. At this one group meeting there were six young homemakers present with their small children. All the homemakers were very interested in the menu being prepared (Weiner Winks with the Missouri Mix). I brought some cocoa mix already prepared.

Everyone was interested in having the recipes and the cost of the Weiner Winks and said they were going to prepare the Missouri Mix and the cocoa mix for their families.

Each time I go to Mrs. Homer's home, she tries to have a different group of young homemakers for the food demonstrations.

Case #33

Kathy has gained the most from our meetings, I feel. When I first went to see her she did not ask any questions; she showed no interest at all. At first she was very shy and withdrawn, as she had just had a nervous breakdown.

I asked her if she would be interested in joining a group. She said she would try it but didn't think it would help her. She told me that her family did not like to try different dishes. She also said she knew how to shop wisely.

At our last meeting she told me she has been keeping track of how much she spends for groceries and has saved every week.

Her family is also trying all the recipes and have asked her to make some of them again. Also, she is using a lot more powdered milk than before. She says she looks forward to our meetings and she feels it has helped her in regaining her health and she now has a better outlook on life in general.

She has been telling her friends about the meetings and through her I have started another group. She feels the program has benefited a lot of people. Kathy is very alert now and talks very freely in the group, which she did not do at first.

Their food habits are a lot better and Kathy said, "We eat more vegetables and drink more milk than ever before."

This group she is in has only been going since November and they asked today if they had to stop this summer. I told them, "No, we went all the year around." They all seemed happy and are anxious for our next meeting.

Case #34

This lady was out of my area but wanted me to call on her. She was a friend of one of the women I had enrolled. I was biased on this woman to begin with. She is a person that feels she knows everything and expects to have everything done for her or given to her. When my enrollment moved to within a block of this woman, I had no choice but to enroll her. On my first call I felt there might be some hope for her. We did the cocoa mix and she seemed interested enough in making the mix and in the program. I set up another appointment with her.

Then I enrolled another woman in the same block. I decided to start a group with these women. So, I called Mrs. Jones and informed her of this group and she seemed very unhappy. I explained that I had to form a group but could no longer call on her if she didn't enter this group. She seemed to change her mind. She even offered to have some more women at the meeting. The day arrived for the group to meet. I showed up at the house where we were to meet, and only I and Mrs. Stevens were there. Mrs. Stevens had talked with Mrs. Jones earlier in the day and had been informed that she didn't give a darn about going into a group and that if she felt like it she would call her friends to come.

I have set another meeting for this group. I have also asked several other people in the area to come. I feel that if Mrs. Jones does not come, she should be dropped.

This, I feel, is a shame. She desperately needs the program. Her children seemed to be very thin and undernourished. The woman seemed to only care for herself and not the children. If she could only see through herself long enough to benefit the children it would be so wonderful.

CASES RELATED TO "CONDUCTING MEETINGS"

Case #35

A group meeting this was - consisting of five homemakers, five pre-schoolers, one mother dog, three half-grown puppies, two cats, and one very old man, the homemaker's (E's) father.

As I entered the home I momentarily panicked inside for it was beyond doubt the least clean, most disorderly home of my experience and I wondered how we'd ever find an area clean enough to cook in.

Clearing a spot in the main room on the table, I set up my things. All of E's dishes and pots and pans were piled in the sink, dirty. As we expressed a need for each utensil, she went to the kitchen and washed it.

Two of the ladies made up a batch of Missouri Mix and then some Cinnamon Swirls. Two others scraped carrots and prepared our Carrot and Bacon Bits recipe. That done, we made a cheese sauce and cooked a package of broccoli. While most of E's furnishings are threadbare and broken down she hasn't denied her family everything and with the help of a charge account they own a color TV and a brand new, double-oven stove, which was only a month dirty.

Our meeting proceeded. We fixed our plates, discussed Vitamin A and three of the women found they enjoyed eating broccoli fixed this way, while they had always disliked it before. The meeting was full of good humor, gentle kidding, and fun as we learned more about nutrition and more about each other.

No one said a word when we discovered the electric fry pan on the floor and E was putting dry dog food in it for her family pets. As we discussed our plans for the next meeting, E offered us the use of her fry pan which we seriously considered and determined we probably wouldn't need. E's old father stood us all together and took our picture.

This meeting felt like a real success because in spite of many distracting, difficult and sometime humorous problems, the women actually did absorb some nutritional points. They had FUN! E was not made to feel uncomfortable. This was the point where this group of gals, all struggling in the strangling harness of low, low income accepted me as a friend.

Case #36

My best cook-in was held in a small trailer home with three homemakers. We made a tuna rice casserole and spinach carrot salad. As we worked we discussed the nutrient value of the various ingredients. We also talked about eye appeal. They were very cooperative and easy to talk with about nutrition.

While the casserole was cooking each made a different batch of cookies from the Missouri Mix. The hostess made a very attractive centerpiece from items picked up around the house.

As we finished our meal, two women and six children arrived, adding to the crowding, but although they had eaten, they tasted everything, and I was able to discuss the Basic 4 Foods. I feel that a great deal was accomplished and the girls seemed very pleased.

Case #37

Three mothers attend regularly in this group. It started out with five. Two work part-time and are now unable to attend. Fourteen children are counted among the three who attend, ages 15 to 10 months. These girls are knowledgeable and easy to work with. They are always asking questions and want to learn more about food and the preparation and serving of food. At the particular meeting, I have in mind, they were concerned about pastas and breads and their value. We talked about the labels--what they should say and what to look for.

These girls are given duties and they follow through, talking and discussing the subject of the moment and how or what changes they could make. I am seated and given coffee then when a question arises they expect an answer. Believe me, they keep me on my toes at all times and my little brain must be alert and ready. Very rewarding.

Case #38

This meeting was at Karen's home. It was during Easter vacation when everyone's children were home from school. The group consisted of four mothers and to-be-mothers, four teen-agers, three little people, two fathers, and myself. This equals 14 people. Our menu was Tempora, tossed salad and jelly muffins.

I had forgotten about the kids being home from school - hadn't planned on so many. Really the rays of heaven shown down - for with Tempora everyone except one of the little people had a job preparing some part of dinner.

We had a good discussion on nutrition in vegetables. As the teen-age girls had skin problems, the interest they had was good and they were full of questions. The mothers had to listen and it wasn't long before they joined in the discussion.

They arranged the vegetables, white potato, sweet potato, green onions, zucchini, turnip, rutabaga, broccoli, carrots, green beans and red snapper on plates. They all agreed it was a beautiful display. How nice it looked, the colors - but taste was something else - they knew what vegetables they disliked. YACK! was the word of the minute then.

In turn, each fried up some of all the vegetables and fish. YACK! was a forgotten word - it turned to GOLLY! They were all surprised at the taste of the vegetables and fish; how good they tasted.

Three of the women, Celia, Karen and Kathy are new to the program. They were quite taken in by Missouri Mix. The muffins everyone enjoyed. Our little people liked them. Karen is pregnant and unwed. At home visits, she had such an "I don't care" attitude. This day was good to see her care and show interest. She made the Tempora batter, with care and concern. She ate like food was going out of season.

Celia is Mexican. She drew jelly muffins to make. She put up a real fuss; didn't want to do any work. Finally Kathy asked her to tell me the truth why! Celia doesn't read or write English. So I helped her read the recipe. I'm sure it would have taken more visits for me to learn her secret had she not drawn the job she did. That gave me a chance to understand her problem and to learn ways to help her.

The two fathers came in later when we were nearly done eating. The women's excitement over the taste of all the vegetables - and the green look on the fathers' faces over vegetables - was a great picture to see. They sat down to eat in self-defiance only. They, too, were quite surprised at the taste. They joined us in over-eating, too.

When the dishes were all taken care of, we figured up the cost of our meal to be $1.59 complete. Eleven cents a serving for the fourteen of us. To Kathy's husband - he made me feel like the miracle worker. This led to a discussion on how to plan a grocery list and buying groceries.

The success of this meeting lies in the fact I feel I accomplished what I am trained to do, with no disappointment with the turn out of the cook-in.

Case #39

This cook-in was nearly a flop. Everything nearly went wrong. Claudia and LaVern were the gals I was having the cook-in with. Claudia had wanted to learn how to make Liver Teryaki. Quite often they had liver, and she wanted to know this wonderful new way to prepare it that I had told her about.

We were a little late getting started to begin with, which may have added a little stress to the fact. Anyway, the fire was turned on too high when Claudia went to cook the liver, and it was cooked too long. It was very tough. LaVern made the Orange Braids from the Missouri Mix. At first the oven did not seem to be cooking them at all, and then when we looked the second time, they were so brown, we could hardly eat them. The rice didn't stick, and was good, thank goodness. The green salad also was just fine. We managed to clean up all the liver, tough though it was, and the Orange Braids were mostly given to the dog.

Believe it or not, Claudia asked for and has used the liver recipe several times.

Case #40

Only two mothers attended this meeting. There were five children ages five to ten months. The children were no problem, but the two mothers have known each other for some time and have mutual acquaintances. One mother has a low mental capacity and will continually drop our conversation and start talking about their friends or what are you doing on the weekend; anything but the subject on the table at the moment. She tells me how she hates to cook and how much she cannot cook but is really interested.

Many times I leave feeling I'm wasting my time. Her friend is very much interested and always helps return the conversation back but it doesn't last too long.

Case #41

Nancy showed very little interest in using the recipes for her family. I asked her why. She said, "They were not large enough." I suggested she double them. Then she said, "There is not enough spice in them," so I told her to add more to her taste.

My main problem is one of the ladies in this group keeps bringing up politics and religion which has caused a lot of hard feelings with the other women. I try to interrupt them and suggest we get back to the lesson in a nice way. It works part of the time.

Also, they are a group that likes to talk about the one that isn't there. I suggested at the last meeting that they discuss this problem openly. I told them I felt this back biting was taking us away from our lesson and made it hard to have a group. My next meeting is Thursday. I may see a change then.

Case #42

My least successful endeavor was a demonstration given at a group meeting. They were elderly women and except for enjoying the meal, they weren't the least interested in the lesson or the meal or the cost. Their main aim seemed to be getting together to talk about what had happened since they were last together. Too much like a party. Also, I think over three people at a group meeting is not a good idea, at least for me.

CASES RELATED TO "DEALING WITH CHILDREN AND/OR HUSBANDS"

Case #43

This lady's husband does not work because he claims he has stomach ulcers and isn't able, yet every weekend finds him at the taverns, drinking beer and playing drums, dancing, etc. They have three children. Girls who are six and five years old and a boy about ten months.

I have been visiting this family for a year now and success to any extent has come very, very slowly. One reason being because the homemaker can scarcely read or write, making recipes difficult for her. I discovered their diet consisted mainly of spaghetti, macaroni and rice dishes, and canned soups. I have introduced many of the recipes and some we have done several times. My main ally has been the husband who (in spite of the ulcers) has eaten barbecued lima beans, carrot raisin salad, and many other things not considered best for ulcer diets. He always insists that she fix these recipes again and again, so that even if she finds them a bother, the family is at least eating better.

My feeling of success was really raised when at the last group meeting we had at her house, she brought me a recipe from a newspaper that she had tried. It hadn't worked too well but instead of being terribly discouraged, she was trying to find out what had gone wrong. Today at our training meeting we made a success of this recipe. I'll take it to her and we'll re-do it and hopefully she will have a product that she can be proud of and that she will continue to try a new idea on her own occasionally.

Case #44

About four months back, I called on a young woman with four children and a husband that junks mostly for his living. This young woman was as I would say, in a real rut. She just didn't care about much of anything. She didn't get up in the morning to get her husband or her children breakfast or off to school.

She did not care one bit about her home either. When I first visited, or even the first few visits, there were trails through the muck on the floors. To me this was just unbelievable how a young woman like herself could have no enthusiasm or incentive to do anything. Well, I talked to her husband, alone, about her as he was about to give up trying even to stay with his family. He thought it would be a good idea to have me visit her once a week to see if it helped her at all.

The first couple of months were really a struggle as I felt I wasn't much of a success, but on my tenth visit I brought a neighbor lady in with me to visit too. Evidently she needed someone more her age to visit with. She evidently had not visited any of the neighbors around her before in the short time they had been here. Well, to make a long story short, these two women together make up one of my most successful and enthused groups.

This woman's husband called me not too long ago and congratulated me for being so successful at my work and for helping to keep his family together. All I can say is, at times like these I feel successful in my job.

Case #45

I had an appointment with this homemaker to make the corn bread with the cheese onion topping. As I arrived, the five-year-old boy came running down the steps to greet me. Then he went running ahead of me, opened the front door and said "Mrs. Davis is here." All four of the children wanted to help mix up this corn bread. They said, "What can I do, I want to help." They all joined in.

The older girl, who is eleven, measured out the corn meal and measured the amount of the Missouri Mix. The five-year-old measured out the soda, which was added to the buttermilk. I beat the eggs. The four-year-old measured out the spoons of sugar, which was mixed in the dry ingredients. The older girl mixed it all up with a large mixing spoon. She also greased the pan and poured in the mixture. I grated the cheese and sprinkled it on the top and added onion flakes. While the cornbread was baking, I visited with the homemaker. When the cornbread had finished baking, I tested it - good texture; it turned out very good. The family was ready to eat their evening meal, so I was getting ready to leave. The five-year-old boy picked up my recipe folder and a book, ran out ahead of me, opened the car door and put the things in the car. I said to him, "Are you going home with me?" He smiled and said, "Not this time." As I drove away, I waved to him; he threw me a kiss.

Well, I certainly wasn't expecting this, but I feel it was a rewarding experience; a successful experience. (P.S. This homemaker told me the first time I called on her, that her little four-year-old never would talk to anyone other than their own family, but she did smile and say a few words to me. This was hard to believe. She is a very shy little girl. I enjoy calling on this family.)

Case #46

I think the most successful thing was when I had group meetings with girls from ages 8 through 11 years old.

A lot of the girls never got to help their mothers in the kitchen (except for washing dishes) to prepare food and they were anxious to learn. We made a relish dish and three of my girls went home and asked if they could make a relish dish for the Sunday meal so the mothers said they could. Some of them did not know what a relish dish was and were pleasantly surprised to find out that their girls would eat raw vegetables. They also talked her into buying Tang because it was much better than Kool-Aid and was better for them. The mother came over later and told me she thought this a real program.

Case #47

My most successful endeavor was working with an eleven year old boy from a family of eight children who all take turns cooking. He is slower than the others and that may be the reason I took more time with him. He made meat pinwheels for the family's supper.

It impressed me more when his dad came all the way from Gold bar to the office instead of waiting for the next meeting to tell me how pleased the boy was when he made them again for Sunday supper for company and received compliments on them.

Case #48

My most successful experience was with the father of a small boy, Billy. The father constantly screamed at his son and threw things at him in an effort to discipline him.

Because I couldn't say anything about this, I spoke extremely softly to the boy. I took time to explain things to him. I tried not to react at all when the father threw things at him.

The months went by and gradually the father yelled less and less and rarely threw anything. One day the father picked up a plastic bat and began to throw it at his boy. Then he looked at me and started laughing. I looked at him and realized he was just teasing me. Evidently I got through. This was seven months ago, and I have never seen him throw anything at Billy. His wife claims his treatment of the boy is different in private too.

Case #49

This I shall never forget. The mother had arranged for me to work with her teen-age daughters. When I arrived, they were in the middle of a TV program so we couldn't begin until it ended.

The two older girls finally started sloppily measuring for cookies with Missouri Mix until the phone rang and they both dashed for it. One talked for at least fifteen minutes. Just as we took Brownies out of the oven, a mob of relatives converged upon us and someone said, "Here's Betty - hide the Brownies," and before I knew what was happening, Betty, a fifteen year old, was cutting the Brownies. I told her we would cut them after they had cooled a bit. She was a granddaughter.

A few minutes later the grandmother and I left the room for a moment and when we returned, there wasn't more than a few crumbs left in the pan and a few on the floor.

I'm quite sure nobody learned anything except me. I haven't tried another cook-in with those girls.

Case #50

This homemaker has four kids, who make as much noise as thirty, and has no husband at home. She has not shown any kind of improvement and so far everything I've made with her, her kids always seem to dislike. I will have to admit there are two recipes that they all happen to like.

There are some homes in which a total stranger may go into and feel right at home but this one homemaker's is not one of them. The minute I entered her home, I felt very unwelcome. She is a very forward person, which I prefer, but the type that "it's all right if she does it but not me." She is always cleaning She is always after me with a wash cloth to clean the small mess I have made. She makes me do every thing - never has offered to help and looks for faults.

Today she must have had a bad day because she yelled at me. One of her children, who has a high pitched voice, kept asking for a doughnut and her mother ignored her. The child kept right on asking and the mother yelled at her to shut up. Then the child came to me and kept after me. I told her no because her mother said so, which I thought I had said politely. She kept asking and yelling. A few minutes later another child came in eating a rhubarb leaf. Her mother asked what it was and when I found out it was a rhubarb leaf, I mentioned to her that it was poisonous to eat them and her mother laughed and said to me, "If they were, I should be dead because we used to eat them all the time." I told her I had read this in a book but she didn't believe me and was all upset. A few minutes later the child gave me the leaf because she did not want it. I took it and said to the child, "Thank you. I'll throw this away because it's not good for you." The mother really yelled at me, cursed me and told me I was always telling her children what to do and that I had no right to do this - to just leave her kids alone. Can you imagine how I felt or still feel as I write this?

After this incident, we ate what I had fixed. They all liked it and we sat and talked a little. I got up to leave and she said, "What's your hurry? You don't have any more visits." I made an excuse to leave after we made another appointment. She is my least successful homemaker.

2

Case #51

This is a family of ten children. Their mother ran off with another man. The oldest, a girl, is 17 and the youngest is three. The 12 year old girl was home the first time I visited. The next time the 24 year old babysitter was there. They both invited me in and were very nice and informative but they had to ask their father. The next week I went back and Eva, the oldest, invited me in. She was really interested but had to ask papa.

They live in a three room house with beds in every room. Not tidy, no curtains, no furniture, except for chairs, table and beds. The two little ones at home climbed in my lap and were so sweet. The babysitter told me that the father had said he didn't think he wanted me to come around, but she said that I should go see him at his job and he might change his mind after he saw me and talked it over. I went back on Saturday hoping to find him at home but no such luck. I got his phone number at work but thought I had better just look him up.

Just two weeks ago I tried to find the place he works, but could not find the number. I do think I have it spotted, though. Will try again. I think this family would enjoy this kind of help and of all the families I go to, this is one I think would be a challenge.

Case #52

One family I have been to visit had a husband that drank too much of the grocery money up. On my first visit the lady was so lonesome she poured all her troubles out to me and I was a good listener. Unknown to me, her husband was home; in the bedroom. He came out cussing at me for being too nosey. I had not asked for any information. I just told her we had a cooking class on her block and would she be interested.

He startled me so, I excused myself and left. I didn't try hard to get her into a class after that although I did visit her again. From looking around and seeing the children, and listening, I know that she needed me. I just didn't try hard enough with her.

Case #53

On a hot summer day, the first of June, I knocked on the door of a "new" family of mine. In the house lived Kate, 29, and her five children: daughters 8 and 10 and sons 9, 2 and 13 months old. I had first met Kate the week before in a home visit. We talked about the ENP program then. She seemed interested, in fact, enthusiastic, although a bit harassed and tired. She planned to ask her next-door neighbor, Betty, (33 with girls 11 and 3 and boys 9, 6, 5, and 5 months, and a toothless, jobless husband) to participate in a group meeting on this day.

She asked me in but it was immediately apparent that she had forgotten our meeting. She became flustered and I assured her that this was a simple lesson that could be done impromptu easily. Her children ran next door to remind Betty and in no time we were fixing six different kinds of orange juice as the various children milled around us. The older kids tired quickly of the color books I had with me. Everyone had a taste of orange juice and we began on cost figuring and nutrition exploration.

An uniced birthday cake on the counter clued me in that today was Ricky's ninth birthday and a smiling freckle face he was. About this time he must have decided we had infringed on his day long enough for he picked a fight with his sister and then fell into a tantrum that was frightful to behold. Screaming, his face screwed up, kicking, thrashing legs and arms, beating on the floor. Kate placated him with a slice of apple spread with cheese we had fixed. The other children began misbehaving in a dozen ways at once - putting hands into the orange juice jar, grabbing the extras rudely, squabbling and carrying on noisily. Betty and Kate sent them out doors to play and tried to calm the crying babies. In and out the kitchen door they came with their complaints and tattle tales.

I was gathering together my things and setting a new date with Kate. Kate became tired of the children's antics and locked the door. As soon as the two nine year old boys and the eleven year old girl discovered the door, they began beating on it demanding that it be opened. When it wasn't, their screaming rose to shrieks and all three began kicking the door as hard as they could. Kate and Betty sat looking at the door and sort of watched me. I was feeling miserable, incompetent, tense, afraid to discuss the children because of my short acquaintance (and wishing I were a bit deaf!) I folded my tent and stumbled shakily to my car. Having completely failed to handle the moms or children at this meeting, I questioned whether I was the right person in the job. However, I knew children often react poorly to a situation they haven't been prepared for. Obviously I hadn't paid enough attention to them at the start of the meeting, and obviously they are allowed to express their feelings fully. Kate cancelled her next meeting and was never "home" on my subsequent two or three visits. I have asked myself - was she too embarrassed or too disappointed?

Case #54

All the families I visit are interested in the program and respond well. This family (Thompsons) are very interested also. She pays attention to what I am saying and asks questions. It seems, however, that I have to repeat the same thing to her many, many times before it seems to get through to her. By the time I return in two to three weeks, it seems she has forgotten what I told her, if she ever remembers I said anything at all.

She does use the mixes she has learned to make; she used many of the main dish recipes and her family likes them. But she doesn't seem to get the connection between her cooking and nutritional value of the foods - nor the nutritional needs of her family - although I have gone over it with her many, many times. Her husband helps buy the groceries and also helps cook. He is also quite interested in these visits and is talkative, asks questions, and seems to get as much from it as she does. I talk to him (directing my discussion to him) much of the time as I feel to get a change in the grocery buying and in the cooking, it must start with him. They need more fruit and vegetables and more Vitamin C as their children have many colds and infectious ailments. But she does not seem to understand what I tell her about food and health.

It is hard to know how much she understands and how much she feels she can't do anything about anyway. She feels defeated easily. I never quite know how far I'm getting with her. However, I feel if they use these recipes and ideas for main dishes, they are on their way to a better diet anyway.

Case #55

Mr. and Mrs. Stone live in an unpainted, shabby house in the outskirts of town and on a dead-end street, perhaps like so many of the "invisible Americans" which this program is trying to reach.

As I walked up the cluttered and broken stairs, I heard yelling between Mr. and Mrs. Stone. Their daughter, age four, saw me coming and immediately set up a wail to match that of her mother and father. She pointed at me and started calling to her mother, "That lady, mommy, that cooking lady." The parents continued their argument in another room after inviting me in. The little girl continued to cry and stomp her feet.

On the pretense of having forgotten something, I went back out to the car and delayed for a few minutes, hoping that they would settle their argument so we could begin. When I returned to the house, the little girl was still crying and obviously distressed because of her parents' actions. She spied the cat, which had followed me in, grabbed it, held it down, and began to bang its head on the floor.

I stopped her and called her over to me. I knew that she didn't mean to be cruel to the cat but just didn't know how to handle the feelings which she felt so intensely. We talked about it and I told her I would come back another time.

Mrs. Stone came out of the bedroom then and so instead of my leaving as I intended to, we began preparing the recipe which we had planned for the day. Mrs. Stone was distracted and could hardly focus on what I was saying. Obviously, she had more important things on her mind that cheese biscuits (no matter how economical they were).

I think that this encounter taught me a valuable lesson, as do most of the personal experiences of this job. It pointed out to me that there are reasons for the disorganization and dirtiness of this house. And that no matter how important the role of good nutrition seems to me, that there are other, possibly more pressing, problems in the life of a woman who has been on welfare for years.

The experience has made me more tolerant and more understanding of low-income people and they way they live. Perhaps this new personal growth will help me to encourage them.

Case #56

I felt the homemaker was not using the recipes so I helped her make up a menu for the week. She was very pleased and much surprised with the variety of food and the low cost when she went to the store and shopped that evening.

I received a phone call about 5:30 p.m. from her. She was upset because her husband told her if he had to eat this way then maybe I shouldn't come any more. I felt very concerned for her because she was in tears when we hung up.

Case #57

This family consists of a father, mother, one girl age ten, six boys ages eleven to nineteen. Their house has two bedrooms, three double beds and one cot. There were no sheets on the beds, no water in the house and no toilet. The family had been removed from the welfare rolls because it was thought the father was able to work. The mother was listless and complained of not feeling well. The children were coming home from school early because they didn't feel well. The father said his profession was a cook but he could not work because he had a bad back.

I made two visits to this home to discuss nutrition and prepare a low cost recipe. The father assured me that he knew more about nutrition than I did. The mother asked me not to come again until she felt better. I have seen her once since then and she said they were back on welfare and that she didn't feel any better.

If I had continued to visit this family I wouldn't have been able to figure a way to help them. I knew their health was bad because of their diet but they wouldn't admit it.

The only bright spot, if it can be called a bright spot, was the nineteen year old who got a job at twenty five dollars a week. He gave the mother forty dollars for groceries a month while they were off welfare.

CASES RELATED TO "INVOLVING OTHER AGENCIES AND GROUPS"

Case #58

It is gratifying to have many of my homemakers tell me they look forward to their home visit and because they are learning more about food; but frankly, I felt most successful over something having nothing to do with nutrition. One of my families of ten has been renting for $110 per month, a dreadful little four-room apartment. I had told them several times about various plans for low-income housing that might be available, but until they were asked to move from the apartment by a new owner, they didn't pay any attention.

I happened to meet them in a grocery store that day, sent them to talk to a real estate man, and within two weeks they had signed papers on a brand new home being built, that is promised to them for June 1. The housewife doesn't really believe it yet - and the thing that really makes it impossible for her to believe is the dishwasher! She has asked me several times what in the world she is going to do with a dishwasher. I'm going to have so much fun watching her with a new house - I think I'm more excited than she is!

Case #59

A young couple living almost next door with one three year old girl slightly retarded but outgrowing it is my success story.

When I first called last fall, Carol was very white and pale and acted as if she hadn't a friend in the world. I kept feeling she was not used to strangers.

We talked nutrition and I made the Cocoa Mix a few days later. From that day on Carol has been transformed in looks and actions. The secret: She says, "I was not eating any breakfast or lunch, just a bit of coffee and cigarettes and I kept all the food I could for my little girl and husband." Then she adds, "After you started coming and teaching me, we eat those foods all the time." She feels fine and looks fine.

They needed food stamps but kept saying they would never have a chance to get any. They thought it was impossible. After serious illness, so it appeared, they were even given Welfare Stamps and a short term Medical card and then Welfare found he also had unemployment benefits coming too. Her husband adds, "I had lost all faith in things." When they gave me a check and Food Stamps and a Medical card, my faith was restored."

This last statement was said to me with tears in his eyes. Soon he will have a good job which is coming up. It paid great dividends to see some worthwhile people helped and their self-respect restored.

Case #60

I was working with a homemaker that was working on a poorly paid job and was raising four children, two of them teenagers. She was determined not to rely on public assistance or any other kind of charity.

In the course of our conversations I learned she was worried about the environment her children were living in and her reason for having to work on this poorly paid job was her lack of a high school diploma.

I talked to her about asking the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation for help in furthering her education and training for a better job. I also told her about the 235 plan for buying homes that the government had set up.

It took three weeks of talking to convince her to make an appointment with the D.V.R. Once the appointment was set up, she was given an aptitude test that showed her abilities were in business management. She took the General Education Test without advance preparation and passed with a higher grade than was needed and will be training for business management.

Next she looked into the 235 housing program and was able to start buying a home in Snohomish; where they are now living. She has thanked me many times for the information I was able to give her and also for the recipes that have helped her save on her food bill.

Case #61

I met Peggy through another one of the aides who was acquainted with her. I went to her home many times after the first meeting, and if I was invited into the house at all, I was never asked to sit down.

I had all but given up when she stopped by my house one evening and told me her young husband had had a heart attack and would be off work for many months. He would never be able to go back to his job as a meat cutter. Her stopping seemed like a good sign because she needed help and didn't know where else to go. At least she trusted me.

She had no driver's license, and could not get one because of the condition of their car. She was also very hesitant to do anything on her own. I found her a baby sitter for the children (ages, 5, 4, 3 and 2) and took her and spent the entire day at the Office of Public Assistance. She did get some emergency help that day (money for rent and food stamps) and came home very pleased and thinking "now perhaps when her husband is better we can work on their food problems" which I was sure we could.

After not seeing her for a few days I heard they had moved. Not too far, as miles go, but out of the county into another county where there is no Expanded Nutrition Program. Hope they're getting along okay.

Case #62

I started working with a 29 year old woman at the suggestion of her stepfather with whom she had come to live after a two month session in a mental hospital. I learned that she had four children and a husband in Texas. She had abandoned the children and the husband was filing for divorce. The stepfather being retired and of little means was doing his best to make a home for the daughter but it was more than he could handle, either financially or in a capacity that was helping the daughter. He felt that she needed a better life and to work and make her own way.

She was very receptive to me and I was able to gain her confidence enough to take her to the welfare office to see what might be done in her case as to therapy, training, etc. They put her on a general assistance grant and she immediately, after receiving her first check, went to the tavern and spent all her money and left for two weeks with an Indian man. When the money ran out, she returned to her father's home and then moved to her own apartment where at first she seemed happier and receptive to ideas and very willing to have me come and see her.

Now she doesn't even open the door to me and has different fellows there most all the time. A lot of this failure I feel was because the money was too easily obtained and she needs a "place" or something to do more than all this "free" time and "free" money.

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